

OIL ONLY SPOILS

These beautiful hills were once rolling and still,
But the city council thought, money, money, money for oil we'll drill

The soil that my forefathers lived to toil,
The politicians saw it only, as a field of oil

What about the deer, the flowers, our natural habitat?
Did they consider the youth, the college, what about that?

As a "fighting poet" my daughter wants to steal many a base...
How can I dad she asked, with oil dust blowing in my face?

My young son plays T-ball on the hills at Murphy Ranch,
So in honor of the "little leaguers", I've decided to take a stance!

My emotions are hot, from head to toes my blood boils,
Because some "knuckleheads" are thinking about drilling for oil!

As a voter I ask the council, to who are you loyal?
When all you want to do is kill the land and drill for oil!!!

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